

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Cour. Of *Laertes*?

Hora. His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him sir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did sir; yet in faith if you did it would not much approve me: well sir.

Cour. You are ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confesse that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himselfe.

Cour. I meane sir for his weapon, but in the imputation laid on him by them in his meed hee's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Cour. The King sir hath wager'd with him fixe *Barbery* horses, against the which he has impawn'd as I take it six *French* Rapiers and Poniards, with their assignes, as girdle, hanger, and so: three of the carriages in faith are very deare to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you must be edified by the margin ere you had done.

Cour. The carriages sir are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter if wee could carry a cannon by our sides, I would it might be hangers till then: but on, fixe *Barbery* horses against fixe *French* swords, their assignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the *French* bet against the *Danish*, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The King sir, hath laid sir, that in a dozen passes betweene your selfe and him he shall not exceed you three hits, he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the opposition of your person in triall.

Ham. Sir I will walke here in the hall, if it please his Majestie, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him and I can; if not, I will gaine nothing but my shame and the odde hits.

Cour.

Prince of Denmarke.

Cour. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect sir, after what flourish your nature.

Cour. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours does well to commend it himselfe, the tongues else for his turne.

Hora. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his

Ham. A did so sir with his dugg before a suckt it; the & many more of the same breed that I know, the droffie on, onely got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of ter, a kinde of misty collection, which carries them through the most profane and trennowned opinions; and blow them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Majestie commended him to you *Ostricke*, who brings back to him that you attend him in he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes* you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow pleasure; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready, now or when provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King and Queen and all are comming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen desires you to use some gentle enter to *Laertes* before you goe to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

Hora. You will lose my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into *France* in continuall practice; I shall win at the oddes: thou wilt think how ill all's here about my heart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is such a kind of game- would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hora. If your mind dislike any thing obey it, I shall their repaire hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we desire Augury, there is a speciall providence in the fall of a Sparrow: if it be, 'tis not to come, if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come, the nesse is all, since no man of ought he leaves knowes w

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